

William A. Kelly

The Student's Pen



**October
1927**

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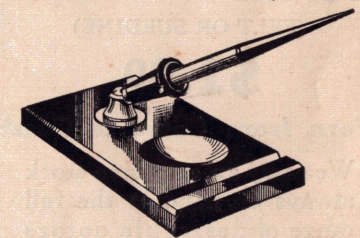
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XIII

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 1

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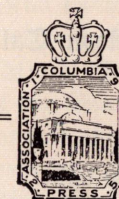


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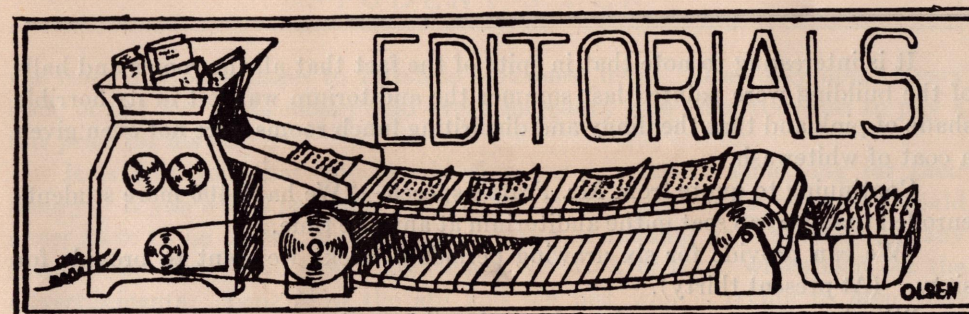




A Moon Tale

I wandered o'er an endless plain
Dotted with wavering shadows
Cast by fantastic rocks
That loomed mysteriously in a waning light.
I plucked odd flowers shaped like birds and beasts;
And listened to strange music wafted over towering, snow-topped mountains.
Strange trees of silvery foliage shivered in the music-laden breeze,
And bent long, twisted arms to stop me as I passed.
Above me soared bright birds with plumage red, and gold, and green;
Around me flashed queer bugs of various hues.
I gazed into the sky and saw the brilliant stars wheel swiftly there,
And, sailing high, I saw a silver moon tinged with the lightest shades of green and blue—
Then as I watched, the colors merged, and thru them shot bright streaks of red and gold;
But I awoke and found it was a story told me
By a moonstone, held within my hand.

Dorothy Lamar '29



Our High School

AT the beginning of the fall term our students returned to a school, outwardly the same but inwardly a heaven. Those students of other cities, who are familiar with up-to-date appliances and modern architecture, would feel abused and slighted at having to study in such a heaven, but we, unused to any such luxury as theirs, throw out our chests and walk with an easier shuffle. The repainting of the walls has been an improvement begged for for nearly fifteen years and at last obtained. One must carefully note, however, that aged stains are peeping thru the coat of improvement, especially on the third floor.

It was TWELVE years ago that the question of a new high school was first brought up. No wonder those who have seen the entire proceedings are unenthusiastic and the hearings are not well attended.

On February ninth, 1915, Mr. H. E. Pratt, now principal of the Albany High School, gave an address at the Board of Trade luncheon in which he discussed the discouraging conditions at the present high school. It is from this speech that I wish to cite a few examples of the congested condition at that time. It can be judged what the condition now is, after twelve years, in spite of the institution of the Junior High School system.

After the summer vacation, "once more the city carpenters were called to the rescue. Another laboratory in the third story was seated and the tables placed in the hall. Even so, and notwithstanding the fact that we made the last available apparatus room do service as a laboratory and stored the teachers' desks from the regular laboratory in the hall in order to seat children upon stools in their places, we still had both teachers and pupils with no places to work. As a last resort we dismantled the two third floor toilets, painted over the scars, labelled each room with a letter of the alphabet, put sixty chairs therein, and gained the chance to 'teach the young idea to shoot' sixty additional recitations periods per week!" Although at present we have only thirty recitations periods per week, still the congestion is in no way diminished.

The high school was originally intended to accommodate 576 pupils; today there are enrolled 672; 94 more than the standard capacity of the building. The commercial building was intended to accommodate, in terms of high school work, 264 pupils; there are there now 263 pupils in addition to 76 more who are located in the central building.

It is interesting to note that in spite of the fact that all the rooms and halls of the building were painted last summer the auditorium was left in its horrible shade of pink and that the dingy and dispiriting lunch rooms were not even given a coat of whitewash.

Continuing to quote from Mr. Pratt's speech—"We have 400 more students enrolled than we can seat in the auditorium at any one time.

"We can provide for six drawing periods a week; we want to provide for sixty. (At present thirty).

"We have no provision for physical culture; it is equally important with mental culture."

In 1915 the high school had no equipment or teachers for the instruction of physical training. While today we have an excellent physical training faculty, still the lack of a gymnasium and proper equipment limits the amount of beneficial work they can do to a minimum.

"We want our boys and girls to go to school under proper and healthful housing and seating conditions; we are crowded out of reason and forced to work in many classes under deplorable conditions of ventilation, heat and light.

"We want our boys and girls to get the most we can give them; it is a shame what we are forced to withhold from them."

The need of a new high school was seen TWELVE years ago by Mr. Pratt; it has been seen again today, but to all appearances it will drift for twelve more years. A few unsympathetic people have prevented a whole city government from carrying out remedies to the high school question. In the past we younger people had believed that our elders were supposed to set us an example of leadership and of efficiency. When it takes a period of twelve years under many mayors even to get started on plans, is this the public's idea of leadership or their idea of efficiency? If so, I am sure that every student in high school would agree with me in saying that such an idea is no parallel to theirs.

Let us hope that for their sakes and for our sakes that the present governing body will show executive ability enough and energy enough to set an example of swift and efficient work in erecting a new high school, which will do credit to the architects, contractors, and city fathers, remaining an undying tribute to conscientious effort.

—The Editor

An Appeal

FELLOW STUDENTS! do you realize, or rather, do you know who it is that finances your school paper? If you don't know, you should. I haven't the slightest doubt that the majority of you believe that the nickel collection, taken on Friday, goes towards paying for the *Pen*. It is true that if there is a shortage of funds in the business department of the *Pen*, this collection may be drawn upon to make up for that shortage. The real object of the Friday collection, however, is to meet the various athletic expenses, and the *Pen* is a convenient means of encouraging you to pay regularly.

The merchants and other business men of Pittsfield are our real financiers. You don't suppose for a moment that the *Pen* is printed free, and that we give

the front and back pages to Pittsfield's business men. Absolutely not. Every issue of the *Pen* costs money and every merchant who advertises has to pay a fair price for his ad.

It is only fair that you should give our advertisers something for their money. If you would patronize them as you should, the athletic collection would never have to be drawn upon for the purpose of making up a shortage on any issue of the *Pen*. You would also lessen the work of those who solicit for the advertisements. Look thru the ads and see just who is trying to help your paper, your school, and even you, yourself. Keep the names of these people in mind, and, when you or your parents wish to purchase anything, act accordingly. I am sure you will find their merchandise satisfactory and you will really help your school.

Now let us see you make this year a real financial success by

PATRONIZING OUR ADVERTISERS

Kathryn Bergstrom

Recent Additions to Our School Library

From time to time the Berkshire Athenaeum publishes notices and bulletins concerning additional volumes of biography, travel, poetry, drama, and fiction which it has obtained for our use. People read these notices over and over again, and make every possible effort to procure one of the books at their earliest convenience, always to find that some one has been quicker than they. Consequently they wait days and sometimes weeks to read the desired books. If the reading public of our city is so intensely interested in its Athenaeum, why don't the students of P. H. S. find out the benefits of their library and use them accordingly? We are always hearing complaints about the lack of books in our school library, but I'm inclined to think that a majority of the students do not trouble themselves to find out the facts of the case.

The graduating class of June, 1927, presented Pittsfield High School with a number of worth-while and interesting books. I wonder how many of you know just what and where they are. I suggest that some free period you get a library slip and allow yourself to enjoy these delightful volumes.

For those of you who like poetry, there are several good collections. "The Little Book of Modern British Verse" has many fascinating poems by John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Rudyard Kipling, Francis Thompson and all those authors so well-known to poetry lovers. "The Second Book of Modern Verse" proves to be equally charming, with inspiring contributions by Carl Sandberg, Vachel Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Aline Kilmer. Then too, there is a collection of "Salt Water Poems and Ballads" by John Masefield, which are just as delightful as they are unique.

The collection is by no means limited to poetry. There is a volume containing forty-four of Christopher Morley's essays which startle one with their unusual originality of idea and expression. David Grayson's "Adventures in Friendship" forms a second volume of essays, and it is interesting to compare his thoughts with those brought out by Emerson on the same subject.

Many of you who like drama will find that your tastes have not been overlooked. You will discover a collection of Shakespeare's plays as well as two volumes of modern drama. One of these contains many different types of dramatic art, while the second has only one-act plays. Perhaps the senior class will be fortunate enough to choose a suitable play for their production from one of these collections.

In addition to these are several entirely different books, one at least which I must not forget to mention. That is Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance." If nothing else gains your interest, this story will surely succeed.

On the whole, you students who are always finding fault with the deficiencies of your school library ought to explore it some day and I'm convinced that you won't be entirely disappointed—you couldn't possibly be.

Grace Quirk '28

The Rejuvenation of P. H. S.

When the doors of P. H. S. were opened this fall, the teachers and pupils were not prepared for the pleasant surprise that awaited them. We found, upon entering, that a great change had come over the interior of this building during vacation. The recitation rooms and also the home rooms have been greatly improved. The light cream color with which the walls now shine affords more light and certainly gives a more pleasing aspect to a classroom than the dull grey which once cast its gloomy shadows over the room.

If only the students would not persist in marking the walls and woodwork, perhaps it could be shown to the "New High School Opposers" that we are worthy of a new school. Not by following the motto "the sooner we destroy this building, the sooner we shall get a new one", but by showing the taxpayers of Pittsfield that we would appreciate a new building and would use it carefully, will we get a modern and efficiently-equipped schoolhouse.

However, for the present, as it is much more interesting and inspiring to work in a clean, shining room, we feel sure that Pittsfield High is on its way to a very successful school year.

Marietta Keegan

Up to You

Laugh a little, love a little,

As you go your way;

Work a little, play a little,

Do this every day!

Give a little, take a little,

Never mind a frown;

Make your smile a welcomed thing

All around the town.

Laugh a little, love a little,

Skies are always blue;

Every cloud has silver linings,

But it's up to you.

Edward Tournier '28



The Uncovered Wagon

JIMMIE Reynolds was the proud possessor of a seemingly prehistoric representative of the species called "Ford," which had been appropriately named "The Uncovered Wagon" by Jimmie's associates of the town of Cranston. Now the story runs that this "Uncovered Wagon" was first owned by George Reynolds, father of Jimmie, and that when President Taft had visited Cranston, Mr. Reynolds, being the leading citizen of that town, had shown the president the surrounding countryside by means of this horseless carriage. The car, if it may be thus called, was high, and the low-hanging trees persisted in brushing its top. Finally, as if in exasperation, the hood had succumbed to the wiles of the drooping branches, and had gently but surely allowed itself to be ripped off. President Taft had laughed heartily, then assured his host that he enjoyed it much more with the top off, as he could see the scenery better and could get more fresh air, all of which is true. Nevertheless, Mr. Reynolds was at first very much peeved in having his new car damaged so early in its career. But after hearing the opinion of some of the other citizens of the town, he decided that his car had been honored in having been approved of by the president, and so decreed that henceforth it should go uncovered. Thus we find his harem-scarum offspring the possessor of "The Uncovered Wagon."

If President Taft could see some of his successors to the seats of honor in this car-of-sorts, he might be more than amazed. Mr. Taft was no ordinary man, but he was hardly so unusual as some of those who have reclined since on the cushioned seats of this revered vehicle. Indeed, full as this world is of oddities, few can compare with those who have scrambled over the doors of "The Uncovered Wagon."

We shall begin with Mr. Jimmie Reynolds himself. This young man had been near-sighted from childhood, and consequently had always been ornamented by thick, shell-rimmed glasses. Upon close scrutiny, you might be able to perceive that Jimmie's hair had but recently given up hope of ever being allowed to

wave, as it had done in by-gone days, and had submitted after much protest to the powers of "Slikum". Seldom were these raven locks hidden by a hat, but in bitterest weather one might glimpse a vari-colored skull cap resting on one ear. His coats, as his ties, were of uncertain hue and make, his trousers were expansive, and, naturally, garters had never graced Jimmie's aesthetic limbs. Aside from this, Jimmie looked just like any mortal.

The boon companion and partner in all activities of Jimmie was Wes Dooling, son of the town loafer. But in some mysterious and devious manner Wes had succeeded in overcoming the precedent set by his father, and was accepted generally because he chummed with the son of the town's leading citizen. The only apparent difference in the two boys was that Wes was good looking. In addition, he was fully aware of the fact. However, in manner of dress, the two were painfully similar.

Now the town of Cranston, where dwelt these two finale-hoppers, is situated in Pennsylvania, a few miles from the Ohio border-line. "The Uncovered Wagon" had often and anon traversed this road to the other state, where the occupants of the "Wagon" would alight for reasons unknown to any but themselves.

Over this highway rattled the good ship "Flivver" one fine fall evening. Wes was the only other passenger that night, and he yodeled lustily as the "captain" guided the craft "over the bounding bay." As they neared the border-line, Wes unwound himself, bent to the switch board, and flashed the headlights twice.

"Now!" he hissed to Jimmie.

Quickly Jim turned the car to the left, drove down an uncertain road for several yards, stopped short, shut off the ignition, then flashed the lights again.

"All right!" came a voice from somewhere. Jim pulled out a flashlight, then set out after Wes, who had already alighted. Thru the black night a light suddenly appeared thru what was distinctly a window. Toward this the two headed. Upon close approach, one could see a shack, with but one window, and a heavy, freakish door. Wes pulled at this, and he and Jim entered. Within stood two men. One was tall, heavy, rather sinister looking. The other was slighter, with white hair, and a distinct twinkle in his grey eyes.

"Good evening, boys," said the latter. "Trifle late, aren't you?"

"Are we?" asked Jim. "Well, we got here as soon as we could." He winked broadly at Wes.

"Couple of dames, huh?" inquired the other man. He laughed good naturedly, despite his disagreeable appearance.

"Come on, then, everybody," said the elderly man. "Down stairs with you. No time to waste tonight."

Wes pulled a heavy trap door from the floor, and the four descended, Jim first extinguishing the light. The cellar below the shack was flooded with light, and all four walls were lined with cases which plainly contained bottles, with labels prominently displayed. None were marked "Ginger Ale."

"Some haul today, boys," said the older man. "You may have to make two, or even three trips. But you'll be well paid."

"All right. The more the merrier. Where do we begin?" This from Jim.

"Clear the south wall first. That's the farthest from the door. In case we get any more tonight, I want room for it." The older man still spoke.

"O. K., Boss. Do we bring it straight to the Captain?" asked Jim.

"No. Koenig is going to take it tonight. He'll have the truck just the other side of Cranston, and he'll take it to headquarters. The Cap thought it would be safer that way. You know there's a lot of interference being stirred up. Well, now, heave to."

The four set to work hauling the cases up the stairs into "The Uncovered Wagon." When the cellar was about half emptied, Jim said,

"That's all I can take this trip, Boss. Guess I'll start now with this."

"You'd better. Here's a six-shooter, and no loitering. I've got to be at headquarters at dawn."

"Aye, aye, sir. Heave ho, Mate!" cried Wes.

"The Uncovered Wagon" sputtered uncertainly, then chugged up to the main highway without further ado to the opposite side of Cranston. Here they came upon a truck parked on the highway.

"That you, Koenig?" asked Jim.

"Yep. Come on. Follow me down this road."

The two vehicles proceeded down a side road, and there "The Uncovered Wagon" was relieved of its cargo. Then Jim and Wes returned to the shack on the border line, received their second and last load, and once more met the truck near Cranston.

"The Cap'll send you your checks in the morning, boys. You did good work tonight."

Then Jim and Wes chugged home to their respective beds, and went to sleep with clear consciences.

The next day "The Cranston Daily" hauled out its nearly decayed large types and produced the following headline:

"Local Boys Aid Police in Hauling
Contraband Liquor Over State Border"

Followed therewith in glowing detail a flattering account of how Jim and Wes, "sons of prominent local men," had, with the use of a car belonging to one of them, enabled the authorities to get liquor which had been seized from the distributors, across the border.

So, Mr. Reynolds, the elder, said fondly patting "The Uncovered Wagon," "I guess you've earned your keep, old can. You've toted a president, withstood the knocks of a bunch of lunatics, and look what you did last night! duly—" stooping toward the engine and lowering his voice—"couldn't you've hid just one little bottle?"

Phyllis Lundy '28

My Arbor

IT seems customary for all illustrious men of letters to write their autobiographies and so I shall take my typewriter in hand, instead of the immortal pen, and try to pound out my life. It is also customary for the aforementioned men to start with their ancestors, so I begin with mine at the point where records commence.

Ours is a noble house dating back to the time of that prolific couple, Adam and Eve. Since the history of their lives and that of their direct descendants is rather obscure, no definite information concerning my ancestors is found until the latter half of the twelfth century. However, we do find references occasionally in the Bible. The baseball player connected with one of these is a progenitor of mine. He was evidently in love with Rebecca for the "Good Book" says that Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher.

Viscompte Edmund Trimont was the person alluded to as having been born in the latter half of the twelfth century. He was an iron man as well as a distinguished philosopoher skillfully trained in the art blackmail. He was exceedingly clever with his hands and had everyone's mark down to an X (or O as the case might be). Throughout his entire career he was so successful in his enterprises that when he died his ashes were collected from the pyre and buried with DUE honors in that captivating edifice, the Bastille.

Kristafer Quolumbus, the next member of the family, was born in Genoa in the early part of the fifteenth century. When yet a young man he became extremely interested in navigation, so he went to Queen Isabella of Spain and said with his strongly Italian accent: "Izzy, ledt me hef a few schooners and I will disgust Amerique." The Queen was so very much moved by this touching speech that she pawned her jewels and gave him three boats in which he "disgusted" America. Where would we all be if it had not been for my ancestor? (three guesses).

Again the leaves of the family tree are lost in the mists of time, and not until the seventeenth century does the old stock once more come to our attention.

The person of "the old stock" above mentioned was Mark Tittle Head (M. T. Head) born in southern England. This old fellow was of a humorous turn of mind and used to chase vessels half across the Atlantic, shooting his guns at them and waving a flag with a skull and cross-bones on it. When he sometimes became disgusted at the slowness of his quarry, he would come alongside, board, and teach the passengers and sailors diving from a fine, springy, oak board. So kind was this man that he took only money which was given him as pay for his lessons. Once in a while, he would keep a boat and set it on fire so that he could see the



passengers jump when the powder magazine went off. This old salt was finally arrested for some foolish reason. It must have been foolish for he entirely lost his head over the matter and was never again the same.

Some years later, we have Charles Lester Tittle, who, with several others, founded the great cosmetic industry by making the Mayflower Compact. Whether this man was kidnapped and carved by the Indians or whether he was honorably hanged, I have not been yet able to ascertain.

Soon after him comes Andrew Cecil Tittle, better known as "One Eyed Andy." This modest young gentleman was responsible, in a large degree, for the Revolutionary War, for it was he, who said: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for triplets." When he uttered these words, immediately a hundred Englishmen arose and stabbed him thru the heart. But, ha ha, he fooled them, for his heart was in his mouth. He was hanged later as a spy, his last words being, "Oh, if I only had eight more lives to give for my country." He was a staunch patriot and probably tried harder than any other man to raze his country's flag.

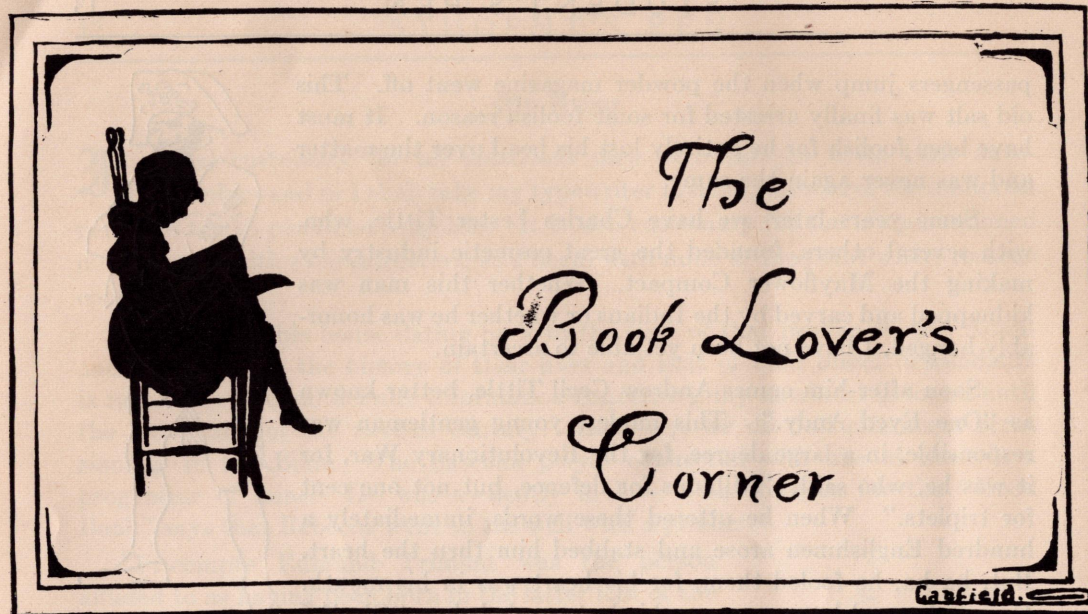
His brother was one of the persons to sign the Declaration of Independence. It was he who said, "Give us equal rights; all men are cremated equal."

For a half century the family again goes into obscurity, reappearing with prominence in Berkeley Howard Tittle, who did surprising work among the natives of the South Seas. In fact, he was such a tender man that when he died, the natives mourned because there was no more of him.

As I am the last of this long line and do not wish to appear immodest, I shall cite only a very few of my marvelous achievements. I was with Peary, when he climbed the North Pole, and with Amundsen when he painted the South Pole. I was the first to climb to the top of the highest peak in the Rockies and the first to descend into the furnace of a volcano. I hold the record for long distance macaroni eating, and continued non-stop dancing. It was I, who, only a short time ago, lived for three months in the subways of New York for only a nickel, and I jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge long before Steve Brodie ever thought of it. I am considered the world's champion pie eater and sword swallower. Now gentlemen please stand back and give me a chance to tell you where I live before you ask for an interview. You will find me always home if you call on me at Sing Sing or telephone, cell 1313. I was not really kidnapped as is supposed but ran away and finally lodged myself at the above address.

Charlie Ross '99 (?)





Lights Up

by Grace S. Richmond

IT seems to have been a custom in this department to follow up Mrs. Richmond's books and consequently her latest contribution to fiction cannot be ignored.

The author of the delightful "Red Pepper" series has come to the front again in this extremely charming story, full of amazing personalities. One character after another presents a new and more difficult problem to the fascinated reader.

Joan Dare, an unusually lively young person, is living with an old friend, Mrs. Hopper, at her summer home while her parents are in Europe. Her interesting experiences are detailed with Mrs. Richmond's customary skill, thereby making an altogether delightful novel. Those of you who have never read any of this author's books would do well to begin by trying "Lights Up." It will teach you how to bear difficulties and heartaches with the best of perseverance and a courageous smile.

Grace Quirk '28

War Birds

by An Unknown Aviator

"WAR Birds" is the uncensored diary of an air fighter containing the pathos, thrills, fears and loves which enter into his life. It defines clearly the spirit of the American youth who laid down his life on the altar of sacrifice in the great World War. The complete sincerity of the story told in a straight forward manner shows that it has not been revised. The unknown aviator tells of the struggles in mid-air and writes of the deaths of comrades as a very common occurrence.

The reader follows the aviator to the airdromes where the companies are continually transferred. As the story continues the descriptions of the combats are more numerous and the casualties more frequent.

A gruesome note is added to the story by the author's presentiment that he would not see the war through. The presentiment grows, and in one place he remarks, "I don't know which will get me first,—a bullet or the nervous strain."

As it was against the regulations to keep diaries of the war it was no secret worry of the author that in case of death what would become of the pages he had written. However, I imagine the diary was given to the aviator's friend, Captain Springs, who eventually gave it to us. Criticisms have been showered upon it but since it is within the reach of everyone each may form his own unbiased opinion. I was so interested that I have even ferreted out the identity of this aviator. Perhaps, you can too.

Ethel Vincent

The Power and the Glory

Gilbert Parker

GILBERT PARKER, the noted author of many novels dealing with little-known French communities, is thought, by many critics, to have given his best work to the world in "The Power and the Glory."

It is an historical novel treating seventeenth century "La France Nouvelle," and plunges one immediately into an age of unparalleled profligacy and licentiousness. On one hand is the French court feeding on France like a huge leech; on the other, the French people, slowly sinking into the hopeless poverty which precipitated the French Revolution. Louis Quatorze and his mistress, De Montespan, are symbols of this age, unrestrained, unchecked and unscrupulous. And overshadowing all, ever watching, although for the moment repressed, are the Jesuits, skillfully working to regain their lost power.

In this maelstrom of conflicting voices, we find La Salle and Prince Conti, men who have the vision of a future France, which will include the mighty Mississippi valley and all Canada.

The action of the book is furnished by La Salle who spurns the amatory advances of the wife of the Intendant of Quebec. Enraged, she seeks his ruin but finally, an outcast, thwarted on all sides, she ends her tragic existence.

To those who are of Canadian-French descent, the book is especially appealing. But, indeed, to all of us, this story of giants who gave life and fortune for an ideal, has a peculiar and irresistible fascination. You will be there with La Salle, when, disheartened and weary, he repeats that beautiful old sixteenth century collect, "Lord, support us all the days of our life." Or perhaps you will be in old Quebec, and when the dusk has come and the shadowy streets are deserted, you will hear the low enchanting voice of a Canadian girl—

"Longtemps, longtemps que je t' aime
Jamais je ne t' oublierai."

Charles Wells '28

The Missing Island

by Oswald Kendall

THE Missing Island" is an easily-read, wholesome novel of sea life. The principal character is a retired master-mariner, who still has a tinge of salt water in his nostrils, and is unable to lose his love for "sailing over the ocean blue." While reading a newspaper, he discovers an article which says that a titanic lumber raft is floating somewhere in the Pacific. It does not, however, give the location of the raft. Nevertheless, he telegraphs his two pals, hires a crew, and embarks for the unknown, which, like most unknowns, proves to be immensely interesting. While cruising around in search of clues, they come upon a shipwrecked sailor, who tells of seeing a huge raft in the vicinity of Davis Island. The sailor dies before he is able to give any more details. Thus the plot is developed.

The story has an eccentric cook, a ship's parrot and a fearless captain, without which no good sea story is complete. One singular fact is that there is no heroine to the tale. In fact, no girl or woman enters the story at any point. This book is sure to hold your interest to the very end.

John A. Moore

They Also Serve

Peter B. Kyne

IN "They Also Serve" by one of our most popular Western writers, we have a war story that has no equal. The one who tells the story is neither a private nor a general as one might naturally expect, but one of those very well-known and equally delightful participants in Mr. Kyne's stories, namely a horse. He was called Professor and he was the wisest, bravest, and best horse of the field artillery in France.

When you read this story of adventure on the ocean, in the Argonne, and in many battles famous in the annals of the World War, you will discover that "Professor" is an expert story-teller in many ways. His master, Erne, the stable sergeant; Rogan, the captain; Sam Burwell, and the nurse, Mary, furnish the most picturesque group of characters found in any story of the late war. Peter Kyne's easy humor and vitality are at their best in this story of a heroic horse and his master. I feel certain that everyone who is interested in the great war, will want to read, "They Also Serve."

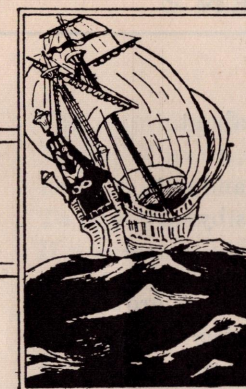
Mary Read '28

Sometime

You fling yourself into the dance,
Hot with the breath of the ceaseless crowd,
Bright with the thrill of endless glory,
Laughing in ecstasy, aloud.

Sometime you will be still and silent,
And only watch the dance go by;
Then you will smile in dull remembrance,
Laugh at fate, and wonder why.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29



POETRY

Alone

I came out because I was all alone,
And I had things to say;
I wanted someone to say them to,
Though I should search all day.

But everywhere are busy people,
Laughing low and loud;
I find my happy words are gone—
I am all alone in a crowd.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

The Sun Dial's Lament

They put me here, long years ago
To tell the time of day;
Oft by my side would lovers meet,
And children romp and play.
'Till one would glance at me, and then
"How late!" I'd hear him say;
"It really is a shame that time
So quickly flies away."

Now in my sunny garden-spot,
A flowery sheltered place,
I can't catch up with hurried clocks
That let no daylight waste.
Of course, I know it simply is
A quite sun-dial-ish taste,
But I yearn for the old time ways again,
In modern days of haste.

Russell Shaw

Day Dreams

While I sit in my room and gaze about,
When our lessons seem so dry,
My eyes roam over things inside and out;
And I dream of them as time goes by.

Sometimes I sail upon a ship at sea,
Go way down south where our bananas grow,
But this is just a fruitless trip for me—
A dreamy voyage on the map, you see!

Sometimes I see the "Child at Twilight Time"
Or one that has to "Climb to bed alone."
Sometimes I'm where the great cathedrals chime,
Or far away in ruins of old Rome.

But I am startled by the bell, it seems,
When I am in the midst of all my dreams!

Hazel Andrews, Com'l.

Promise

The berry bushes lean on sticks of gray;
The hens pick up the scattered grains of corn.
The army of green leaves has gone away
And left the trees all bare and gray and shorn.
Afar the clarion drumming of a grouse
Awakes the echoes all about the house.

Brown leaves that lie, half crushed, upon the ground,
Are coated with a silver film of frost.
They break and crumble with a crackling sound,—
Their ruby and their gold forever lost.
There is a subtle shiver in the air
I feel the promise of the snowflakes there.

Helen Pfund

Consolation

It was cold inside and the room was dark.
I was alone and sad;
So I came out near the fire, and you
Who were laughing, gay, and glad.

You joked and talked, but I could not—
I was alone—apart—
So I have gone back to the cold dim room
For warmth within my heart.

Betty Hulsman '28

Fire

The plaything of the gods, a savage thing,
Master of us who are earth dwellers.
Even in control it leaps and roars and pleads
To be set free; free to work its will.
If it succeeds, it begins with an insidious flame,
Growing larger, quiet all the while.

At last it is ready.
Leaping out of cover it pounces here and there,
Destroying all in its path—
Trying to avenge its capture—
Capture and torment at the hands of man.
When its rage is over it calms,
Becomes again the quiet, docile servant of man.

Fire—the plaything of the gods.

William C. Bedford

The Masterpiece

In a corner of the studio
Covered with a silken cloth of white—
Tapestry like sunset's glow
For its background—in the morning light
Stands a statue; stately slim and tall.
A masterpiece when finished it would be
And yet—the sculptor heeds it not at all;
And on his couch is sleeping peacefully.
Though morning dawns the sculptor still sleeps on.
"Awake! Awake", the statue seems to say.
"The precious light of day will soon be gone."
He does not move. And dawns another day.

The world will weep; and sadly shake its head.
His masterpiece unfinished—he is dead.

Virginia Selater '28



Essays and Specials



"A" Period

MISS PFEIFFER says, "Write something!" So here goes another pencil—all chewed up. If only I might write a poem. But what is to be done when you can only feel beautiful things and can't write them down? My! It's hard to think. Perhaps that is because it is so much more interesting to watch what's going on. The room is full; in fact, extra chairs must be brought in every Friday. The pupils of Pittsfield High School certainly are anxious to express themselves, whether it be in stories, poems, essays, or just relating school activities. A busy place indeed. (So-and-so has a new dress—cute, isn't it?) Exchanges are being read and commented upon; alumni notes written up. Everyone is occupied. (I like the blazer Mary Jones is wearing.) Some have nearly finished their Latin and algebra by this time. Perhaps if the period lasts long enough, that crowd over there will come to a decision as to whether Tunney or Dempsey really won the fight. (My dear, I didn't get in until half past one and I haven't finished my Latin Prose!) Department heads are especially busy, for we couldn't have a *Student's Pen* without material, and it is up to them to get it. Across the aisle someone is writing limericks. The room is buzzing. My pencil won't be the only one chewed up. The girl in the green dress must be writing something good, she hasn't looked up for ten minutes. Maybe it's a scary story all about spooks and jack-o-lanterns. (Say, I wish someone would have a Hallowe'en masquerade.) Oh, it's all so nice. A whole room full of boys and girls, talking, laughing, working—sunlight streaming in on youth and joy.

Helene Barton

Jolly Hallowe'en

GREAT, fat, round, jolly pumpkins grinning fixedly—sleek, waxen apples crazily bobbing up and down in a tub of water—furry black cats arching their backs—cloaked witches astride broomsticks, silhouetted against a full orange moon—gibbering ghosts hovering in thin air—masquerade parties—in other words, Hallowe'en.

Yes, today Hallowe'en mostly means parties; attic parties—cellar parties—barn parties—and just regular, dignified parties. But long ago, it was a rather serious matter.

Hallowe'en is an old, old festival celebrated long before the birth of Christ; and later, in the Christian Church, dedicated as a feast day to the memory of all the saints, known and unknown, throughout the whole world. In ancient Rome, it was the great Festival of Pomona, in thanksgiving for the harvest. The Roman populace formed hilarious processions and danced through the streets strewing the way with flowers, fruits and stalks of grain.

The Druids of "Olde Englande" held a great festival, towards the last of October, in honor of the sun god, who fostered their grain crops. Mystical rites were performed in their woodland temples, for it was the Druic belief that on this night, the Lord of Death, riding over the world, called all the wicked souls together and condemned them to inhabit the bodies of savage beasts. Great bonfires sent their flames skyward, seeming to lick the stars; and at last, as the embers faded into a dull red, everyone present cast a pebble in the glowing ashes. Next morning, specially appointed priests would examine the dead, white ashes, and if any stones were found missing, the owners would surely die within twelve months.

In the highlands of Scotland and Wales, the superstitions of Hallowe'en have longest held the simple, country folk. Every year the boys saved the largest, hardest turnips, and from them made the great-great-great grandfathers of our candle-lit, pumpkin jack-o-lanterns. These "turnip lamps" were fashioned as hideously as possible, and were placed in doorways and on lamp posts to terrify roving ghosts and prankish elves. On this night all the fairies, gnomes, dwarfs, and will-o-the-wisps held an eerie gathering beneath the crag of the highest hill; and the spirits of the dead, trailing cloudy garments, floated at will through the frosty night air, in search of their loved ones. The ghosts of the murdered and the suicides screamed and wailed as they made their lonely ways back to the living world.

Satan, riding a pitch black goat with a human face, led all his demons up from the Underworld. To his summons, all the witches and wizards from every corner of the earth would flock, riding upon their magic broomsticks and evil-eyed cats. Then in some dark, vine-hung valley, lighted by torches of goats' horns, a grand council of wickedness was held to plot mischief and brew spells for the coming year. Far into the night this assembly danced, back to back, to the swishing of giant cats' tails and the rattling of hens' skulls; and as the first thin, grey streaks of morning pierced the smoky night, all disappeared into the foggy air.

So, on and on—Hallowe'en is still left to us, a fanciful, ghostly keepsake of the days when everything bowed before the throne of superstition. Today jolly fireside revelries remain, even though we go through the old superstitious rites "just for fun." And very likely, this Hallowe'en, in the year 1927, some dignified student of Pittsfield High School, will gingerly walk backward down the cellar stairs, holding a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other—"just for fun"—and just to see whom his other faithful lover will be!

B. Vary '28

I 'ope you" pardon me on account of rotten edacashun, or whatever ya KALIHER, that I've got but I wanna tell ya this story.

I've BENNETT the jail this morning to see an old friend of mine who's spendin' a six months vacation there. He was INNIS cell when I got there so I sat down, but not in any MORRIS chair, to get the lowdown on this job he pulled.

"Ya see it was this way," he began, "Mike heard about me bein' broke an' he told me if I helped him pull this job, he'd gimme some kale. So I grabbed da chance cause I thought it was a GOODWIN. He had everything planned. I was to do de dirty work an' he was to play sentry.

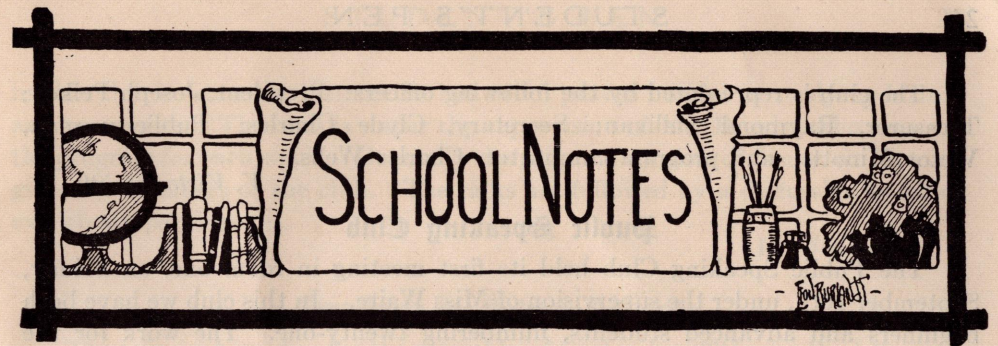
We got to the house about midnight, I didn't HESSEtate 'cause Mike promised to whistle in CASEY saw a cop. I grabbed me jimmy and started for a back window. 'STROUT side wall,' he yells, remindin' me of the location of the safe. I JORDON a good job opening dat safe, and after RUSSELin' aroun' I foun' de sparklers. Two minutes later I was outside with Mike. I no sooner got out than I seen cops comin' from all directions. 'RUDMAN, run' I yells, and we did. In a minute Mike couldn't run any MORSE so DAY caught him. When he saw he couldn't get LUCY squealed on me."

"Can you prove it?" I blurts out.

"WAITE!" he says, "till I finish." That cop McCormick walked him to de station. Afraid he'd get de CARMODY, I suppose, Ha-Ha. I used all me POWER to escape but finally two days later de peelers caught me. De next job I pull is gonna be a big one. De brilliants I hocked dis time WENTWORTH de trouble."

"PFEIFFER shame," sez I, "you ought not to pull no jobs, you'll only spend you life in jail. You wanna be prosperous like me," I sez, "as I pulls out me package of Old BRIERLY-Tobacco and strolls down de corridor.

Homer Patnode



Among the Clubs of P. H. S.

Mathematics Club

The Mathematics Club has organized for the year with Mr. Lucey as the club advisor, Howard Foote as President, and Miles Bartlett as Secretary-treasurer.

It is the aim of the club to show that mathematics, although the most ancient of the sciences, is, nevertheless, flourishing today, unsurpassed by any rival. It is proposed to cultivate an appreciation of the power of mathematics; to trace the role that mathematics and abstract thinking have played in the development of civilization; and to delineate some of the basic notions that underlie the science. The program for the month of October includes the study of the slide rule, puns on geometric terms, mathematical cross-word puzzles, anagrams, magic circles and magic squares, and elementary work on the theory of probability.

—Contributed

Debating Club

The Debating Club, under the supervision of Mr. Allan, has one of the most interesting programs of any club in the building. Each week a debate is assigned, studied, and presented at the next meeting. Each side consists of three members, the third one acting as the rebutter. After the first two speakers of both sides have completed their speeches, a short time is devoted to arranging the material for the rebuttal. During this time one of the club members reads a paragraph on the principles of debating. Then comes the rebuttal, after which the judges are allotted several minutes to render their decision. The club has a committee of four judges, who serve a term of four weeks. The judging is done by three of these judges, while the fourth serves as a critic. Each week a different boy acts as a critic and in this manner each boy is given a chance to try his skill at this task. It is the duty of the critic to point out the weaknesses of each speaker and to emphasize the speaker's strong points.

Last year the debating club of Pittsfield High challenged the other high schools of the county, but were unable to obtain any team with whom they could match their prowess. However, for the present, the team is practicing and getting in trim for any opportunity that may present itself.

The club is represented by the following officers: President, Joseph Pelkey; Treasurer, Raymond Sullivan; Secretary, Clyde Charles; Publicity man, Victor Minotti; and program committee, Charles Wells.

V. Victoreen '29

Public Speaking Club

The Public Speaking Club held its first meeting in room one, on Friday, September 16th, under the supervision of Miss Waite. In this club we have both beginners and advanced students, numbering twenty-one. The work for the first few weeks is to be a study of the fundamentals of public speaking. When this work has been completed, a program for the remainder of the year will be made out and followed.

It is not the aim of this club to produce any famous orators, but rather, to enable us at all times, whether on the street, in the classroom, or on the stage, to speak in such a manner that every one of us would not object to having his tongue called "his trade-mark."

Betty Young, Sec'y.

Etiquette Club

The Etiquette Club, which is in charge of Miss Day, still remains one of the most popular clubs of the school. Since the beginning of the semester the club has studied and discussed introductions, street, theatre, hotel, restaurant, and general etiquette. At the first meeting on September 9th, the officers for this semester were elected. The members selected Harry Volin as President, Stephen Wolfe as Vice-President, Everett Ayer as Secretary, and a program committee consisting of Elizabeth Guttorman, chairman; Marcella Sherman, Charles Robinson, and Warren Shepardson.

K. Young

First Aid Club

The First Aid Club, under the leadership of Dr. Strongman, is taking a very interesting and instructive course. The purpose of this course is to prepare its members for any accidents which they might meet and to show them the proper way in which to remedy them. The course is edited by the American Red Cross and is published in text form. An appointed member studies the lesson which is assigned and gives an oral report on the contents of the lesson. At present the club is studying electrical accidents.

At the end of the term Red Cross examinations will be given on the practical work which the pupils have studied during the semester. The members will be marked on these examinations and certificates of the American Red Cross will be given to those that successfully accomplish the work.

E. Volk '29

The Current Events Club

The purpose of the Current Events Club is to keep its members well informed on all national, inter-national and local questions. The majority of students do not have time to read the magazines and newspapers very thoroughly and therefore are not well acquainted with the topics of the day. The information gained

in this club is not only instructive but often proves helpful in studying history and economics. The club is under the supervision of Mr. Brierly, who arranges the program for each week. Generally the program consists of five or six speeches given by members of the club. The talks are followed by a discussion in which everybody participates.

V. Victoreen

Awarding of School Letters

The principal speaker for the assembly of September 29th was Reid Besserer of the Y. M. C. A. of this city. In his speech Mr. Besserer stressed the importance of mental ability as well as physical health. His speech was followed by a short talk by Ruth Cooke, the captain of the Girls' baseball team. William Schacte, manager of the boy's team, acted as chairman and gave a brief talk in which he described each of the games in which the team participated. Following the speeches, Principal Strout and Coach Carmody awarded the letters and numerals to the various teams.

The members of the girls' team who received numerals were: Ruth Cooke, Barbara Couch, Irene Lutz, Margaret Hyde, Marjorie Reed, Helen King, Martha Levine, Juliette Rossi, Edna Morton, Martha Hawley, Eileen Healy, May Guiddek, Nellie Semenya, Olive Snell, Sylvia Renwall, Grace Koscher, Lillian Sauar, Evelyn Nagelschmidt, and Dora Sackett.

The following boys were awarded the school letter for participating in three or more of the baseball games: William Schacte, captain; Harry Volin, Edward Brown, Philip Bruno, William Pomeroy, Michael Foster, Harry Aronstein, Reynolds Root, Raymond Librizzi, Noris Aubry, Paul Rodgers, Fiorino Froio, Charles Robinson, William Kelly, Frank Germano, Edgar Almstead, and Joseph Lankin.

The members of the track team who also recieved the school letter were as follows: Fred Chester, Thurston Pilsbury, William Eramo, Robert Crowley, Bartlett Hendricks, John Curtis, Stephen Wolfe, Warren Shepardson, John Sullivan, Karl Haworth, George Bastow and Jack Finn.

V. Victoreen '29

Election of Class Officers

During the past month meetings have been held in the various upper classes and the following officers have been elected.

Senior A Class—William Pomeroy, President; Warren Shepardson, Vice-President; Beatrice Vary, Secretary; and John Curtis, Treasurer. Mr. Rudman was re-elected class advisor.

The Senior B's have selected as their officers: Joseph Hayes, President; Clayton Nesbit, Vice-president; Pauline Hillberg, Secretary; and John McClaren, Treasurer. Their ring committee consists of Annie Redfearn, who is chairman, Betty Hulsman, Louise Brewer, Joseph Hayes, Samuel Spratlin and John McClaren. The class advisor is Miss Morse.

The Junior A meeting resulted in the election of the following officers: George Holderness, President; Samuel Duker, Vice-President; Wright Manvel,

Secretary; and Helene Barton, Treasurer. William Kelly, Samuel Duker, Laura Hayward, and Helene Barton make up the ring committee. Mr. Allan will act as class advisor.

The Junior B class organized with William Nesbit as President; Edwin McLaughlin, Vice-President; Wayne Roberts, Secretary; and Margaret McClaren, Treasurer. The ring committee consists of Granville Pruyne, Edith Volk, Helen Preston and William Nesbit.

Girls' Assembly

Come on, girls of Pittsfield High, show your sporting spirit; get all pepped up, for the Girls' League is about to open and celebrate its sixteenth birthday. Let us make it a year that will go down in the League history as a record year.

Do you realize the opportunities that are open to you to become or to remain healthy, all-round girls? Field hockey and soccer—something new for Pittsfield girls. You that like excitement and rapid movement will be intrigued with these sports, which equal basketball in every way. Then there is tennis, one of the greatest of international sports. This fall a tennis tournament is to take place and is open to everyone in Junior and Senior High. A silver loving cup is the reward for the winner—to be awarded at a banquet.

None of us can afford to miss seeing to the full extent, the beauty found when the Berkshire Hills are in their brilliant autumn coat. The very name of this new club is enticing—"The Mountain Trail Club". Can you restrain your hiking fever? Of course not.

Not everything calls for so much exertion. For girls that are skillful with their hands is the handwork club, and for those with promising voices the Glee club has been established.

One could not attempt to relate all the of interesting things open to us, but go yourself and see.

"I'm going! You're going! Let's all go together!"

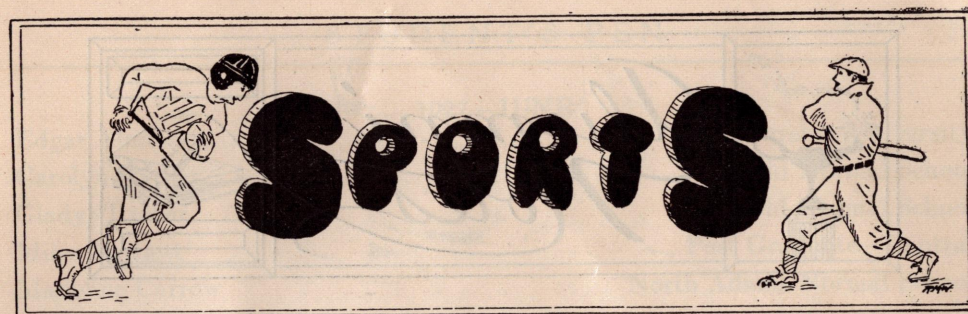
E. Volk '29

The Changes in the Berkshire League

Football fans of the Berkshires seem to be tired of seeing the heavy teams trounce the light teams; therefore it has seemed advisable for a change to take place in the Berkshire Football League.

At first it was decided that Pittsfield, Adams, and Drury would constitute a league known as the "Big Three," and Dalton, Lee, Williamstown, and St. Joseph's constitute a league known as the "Little Four," but because of a disagreement last spring, it was deemed necessary to abolish Drury from the league. This has caused a change in the plans and after considerable discussion St. Joseph's was admitted to the "Big Three" circle making a "Big Three" and a "Little Three."

This new arrangement will undoubtedly cause considerable enthusiasm among the sporting circles of the Berkshires, because it is something different, and as the teams are more evenly matched, better games and more opposition will exist.



Football Schedule

Pittsfield High's football schedule for the balance of the season is as follows:

Saturday, October 15, Williams Freshmen at Williamstown.

Saturday, October 22, Troy at Pittsfield.

Thursday, October 27, Adams at Adams.

Saturday, November 5, New Britain High at New Britain, Conn.

Saturday, November 12, M. A. C. 2nd Year Men at Pittsfield.

Thursday, November 17, Dalton at Pittsfield.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 24, St. Joseph's at Pittsfield.

Gloversville 7--P. H. S. 6

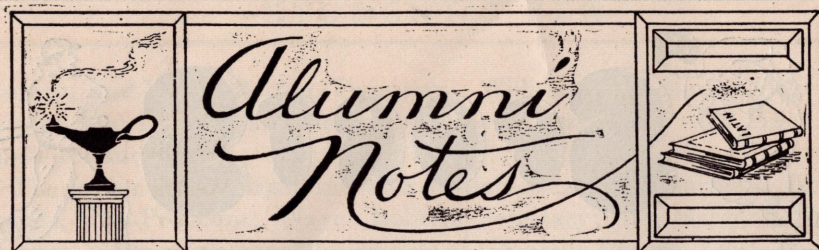
On a day, October first, more suited for swimming or baseball, Pittsfield High opened its football season with Gloversville High at Gloversville, N. Y. Although outweighed by their opponents our team outplayed Gloversville in all departments of the game and led 6-0 until the last thirty-seven seconds of play, when Gloversville, after blocking a punt, scored a touchdown. They then made good on their free try for a point and this point proved to be just enough to win the game 7 to 6.

Starting the game Gloversville kicked off to Pittsfield. After a few plays Pomeroy punted and Gloversville soon did the same. The first quarter was just an exchange of punts, the only substantial gain being made by Bruno, who ripped off twenty yards on a pretty play.

In the second quarter Gloversville started an assault which was not stopped until they had gained two first downs and had attempted a field goal. P. H. S. then retaliated by completing a series of forward passes which brought the ball well into their opponents' territory and when the half ended the ball was on their thirty-yard marker.

In the third quarter Pittsfield was first to score. Jason Martin recovered a fumble and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown. The attempt for a point on a free try failed and the quarter soon ended.

In the last quarter it looked as though Pittsfield would be the winner but as Pomeroy was about to punt on the twenty-yard line, the ball was blocked and in two plays was over the last white marker. Gloversville then managed to register its point on a free try for a goal and the score was 7-6. Gloversville then kicked off to Pittsfield and after three plays, the game was over.



The last classes which graduated from P. H. S. were of such note, and their members of such ability that we find it necessary to make as complete a list as possible of them and their achievements:

1927—FEBRUARY

Harold Ano	St. Lawrence University
Allan Ayers	Williston Academy
Marion Bastow	Post Graduate—Central
John Behan	Georgetown University
Janet Bitensky	Westfield Normal School
Arthur Bloche	Institute of Music and Art—N. Y. City
Fred Carpenter	Brown University
Anna Coleman	Post Graduate—Central
Rose Dresner	New York University
Helen Finn	Univ. of Pennsylvania
Henry Garrison	Hargrave Military Academy
Mildred Hesse	College of St. Rose
Josephine Hollister	Skidmore
Ruth Housman	Howard Seminary
Margaret Killeen	Albany State College
Rose Killeen	Westfield Normal School
Katherine Killian	University of Syracuse
Lillian Legro	Ithaca Conservatory of Music
Dorothea Logan	Russell Sage
George Loveless	Post Graduate—Central
Phenella Lyman	Sargent School
Helen McGill	Berkshire Business College
Mario Mango	Catholic University
Nancy Mango	Trinity College
Martha May	Berkshire Business College
Jean Mendel	Drevel Institute
Edward Moran	Providence College
Clara Musgrove	Hillcrest Hospital Training School
Kathleen Noonan	Connecticut College for Women
Frances Pierce	N. E. Conservatory of Music
Robert Pomeroy	Williams College
Florence Preston	N. E. Conservatory of Music
Marjorie Redding	Brown University
William Shimmon	Brown University
Nora Whitehead	Berkshire Business College

1927—JUNE

Edgar Almstead	St. Lawrence University
Carolyn Barber	Westfield Normal School
Gladys Barber	Westfield Normal School
Miles Bartlett	Post Graduate—Central
Madeline Carrow	North Adams Normal School
Frederick Chester	University of Syracuse
Albert Childs	Deerfield Academy
Adeline Chittendon	Post Graduate—Central
Marie Daoust	Berkshire Business College
Jeanette Dickie	MacDuffie School
Mary Donna	College of St. Rose
Robert Exford	St. John's College
Catherine Gregory	St. Luke's Hospital Training School
Charles Halford	Troy Conference Academy
Dorothea Harrington	Berkshire Business College
Arnold Hettstrom	Post Graduate—Commercial
Margaret Hyde	Berkshire Business College
Sybil Lanoue	David Manne's School of Music
Kathleen Madden	Framingham Normal School
Antonio Massimiano	Williams College
Grace Mattoon	Berkshire Business College
Marion McGee	Post Graduate—Central
Genevieve Mercier	North Adams Normal School
Margaret Moore	Post Graduate—Commercial
Allan Parry	Williams College
Marjorie Peterson	Berkshire Business College
Ruth Preston	Ellis Hospital Training School, Schenectady
Lucie Pritchard	North Adams Normal School
Emily Rhodes	Berkshire Business College
Kathryn Ringie	St. Luke's Hospital Training School
Oscar Rosenblum	Boston University
Josephine Scelsi	Post Graduate—Central
Nicholas Scelsi	Williams College
John Sullivan	Holy Cross College
John Walker	Williams College
Priscilla Woodward	Berkshire Business College
Ruth Baker	Berkshire Business College
Elizabeth Lubald	Berkshire Business College
Gertrude Barnes	Massachusetts Agricultural College

JOKES

"Why did he yell 'FIRE' when you passed by?"
 "Cause I'm an old flame of his."

* * * *

Sophomore: "I've just thought of something clever."
 Senior: "Beginner's luck."

* * * *

"Then the belle chimed in, wrung her hands, and tolled her story."

* * * *

C. M.: "What is the difference between sight and vision?"
 T. C.: "Oh, that's easy. My girl is a vision but yours is a sight."

* * * *

B. Hendricks: "Between you and me and the lamp post, what do you see in that girl?"

J. Donna: "Not a thing. But between me and the lamppost,—that's a different story."

* * * *

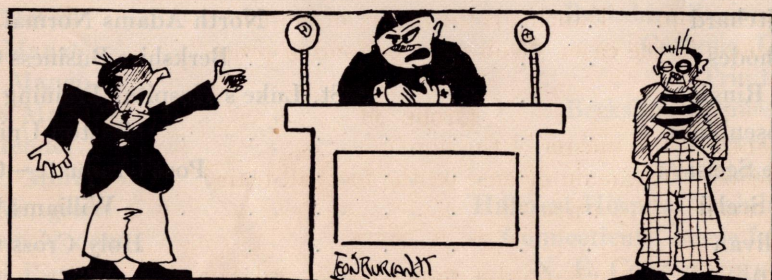
V. Wagner (in Coach Carmody's story telling class): "Why, where I used to live it was so cold that the sunshine froze on the pavement and we had daylight all night."

* * * *

A. England: "Why is it that you are always out when I call?"
 R. Newman: "Just luck I suppose."

* * * *

College grad. handing his diploma to his father: "Here's your receipt Dad."



Judge: "Why did you strike this man?"
 Prisoner: "Your Honor, he called me old King Tut."
 Judge: "What has that to do with it?"
 Prisoner: "It was just a polite way of calling me an old stiff."

How I Became a Social Wow

They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply.

"I wanna roasta bif san-wish, str-r-romberry pie, two cup skawfee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation."

* * * *

W. Anderson: "I was out with a real good girl last night."

H. Patnode: "I had a rotten time too."

* * * *

"That's a fine fishing pole you have there, son."

"Dis ain't no fishing pole. It's me new cigarette holder."

* * * *

R. Wagner: "I'm never going to get married."

G. Beebe: "Pourquoi?"

R. Wagner: "Because you have to have sixteen wives. It says so in the marriage ceremony: four better, four worse; four richer, four poorer, and four times four are sixteen."

* * * *

"This is the last straw," said the soda jerker.

* * * *

"Don't you speak to him anymore?"

"No, when I pass him I give him the geological survey."

"The geological survey?"

"Yes, the stony stare."

* * * *

John Curtis: "Did your aunt remember you in her will?"

Jack Finn: "I expect so; she left me out."

* * * *

Pomeroy: "Did you have any fun on your vacation?"

Senger: "Fun? Barrels of it."

* * * *

He: "For two cents I'd kiss you."

She: "Here's a dollar, boy; let's get going."

* * * *

One Dumb Soph: "Dancing is the poetry of motion."

The woman in the case: "You must be fond of prose."

* * * *

Prove It

H. Donnell: "I'm master of the line."

V. Mitchell: "Oh, main defense on the football team?"

H. Donnell: "No, a poet."

* * * *

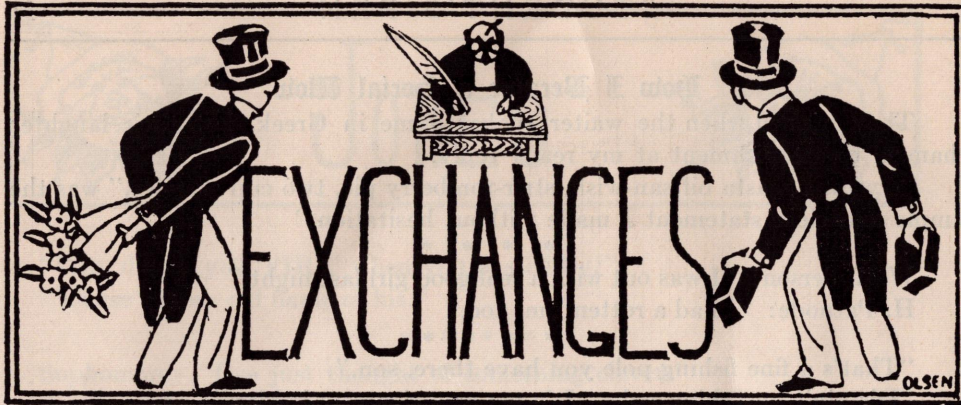
Charles: "She's been nursing a grouch for several days."

Ton: "Z'at so? I didn't know you had been laid up."

* * * *

Magistrate (to old offender): "Fighting with a woman again, eh? Liquor?"

Prisoner: "Naw, she nearly killed me."



To My Fellow Exchange Editors:

July, August, and September, and here we are again ready to renew your acquaintance which we have so greatly enjoyed in the past.

The exchange department plans to make this year the biggest one in its history. In order to accomplish this we have several new ideas in view. First, to put on our list of exchanges, the best possible publications that we can come into contact with; secondly, to criticize your papers on things which we consider will prove most helpful to your magazine; and last, to make our department an exceedingly interesting one to our readers.

We hope to receive from you such criticisms as you think will benefit the *Student's Pen*.

As we have not yet received any new exchanges we are going to give our readers several pages of choice bits that we have selected from some back numbers.

—George H. Beebe, Exchange Editor

Optimism

Get all the good there is today,
Don't fret about tomorrow,
There's trouble 'round us all the time,
What need is there to borrow?
The wise man gets what joy he can
And leaves the fool his folly;
He knows too much to waste his life
In gloom and melancholy.

Look on the bright side everytime
Don't waste your days repining;
When any cloud looks dark and dull,
Turn out the silver lining
Be wise! Be cheerful, bright and glad,
Leave to the fool his folly,
And let your motto be: "Cheer up!"
Your rule of life: "Be jolly!"

The Clipper, Barnstable, Mass.

At Dawn

The sun, a ball of gold,
Rose high, to cast o'er all the earth
A rosy hue.
The lark on rested wing,
Flew high, to fill the world
With his melody
At dawn.

The daisy on the hillside,
Looked up, to lift her petals
To the dews above.
The polpar, tall and slender,
To the tune of waking breezes,
Swayed gracefully,
At dawn.

The swan, stately and serene,
To the clear, cool, waters of the lake
Made his way.
The lake, reflecting all his splendor,
Sparkling, deep and blue,
Rippled gayly,
At dawn.

A little child, lifting a golden head,
Searched with wondering eyes
The heavens,
For the maker of things,
So beautiful,
At dawn.

Louie Millner, The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.

An Open Fire

There is a time of year when young and old
Delight in gathering round an open fire.
Here snugly safe from chilling winds outside,
In confidential tones, our dearest plans
Unfold themselves to sympathetic friends.
And when we are again in lighter mood,
We chat to rhythm of briskly popping corn.
At length on all a drowsiness descends.
With nodding heads and drooping eyes, we see
The blue and gold flames die and in their place,
A bed of bright red coals which softly glow.

*Carol Eldridge,
The Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.*

The Road to Camelot

I sit by my window and watch it,
 The Road to Camelot;
 And wish I were one of its travelers,
 But know that I am not.
 For I am a dreamer, a watcher,
 The journey is not for me;
 No knowing the glory of conquest,
 No jousting with lances free.

The templar and the palmer ride onward,
 I see them for a space;
 They pass and I know that glory waits them.
 By the light on each ardent face.
 Palfreyed ladies pass by in state,
 Their favors for me are not;
 They fade from view as on they go
 Adown to Camelot.

Some day I may leave my wide window,
 That looks adown the way;
 May forsake my fair castle of fancies
 For Life, let it come as it may.
 I'll join the long stream of doers,
 Though timorous at first, I'll grow bold;
 I'll substitute doing for dreaming;
 I'll be as a knight of old.

R. H. Rohde,
The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Father: "Willie, where have you been?"

Willie: "Fishing."

Father: "Come out in the shed and we will have a whaling expedition."

Eva Colvocoresses Jones

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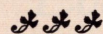
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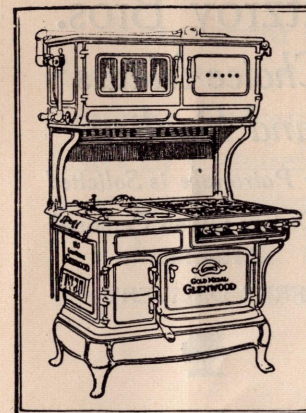


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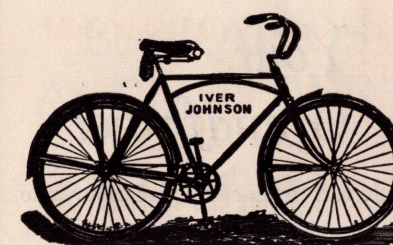
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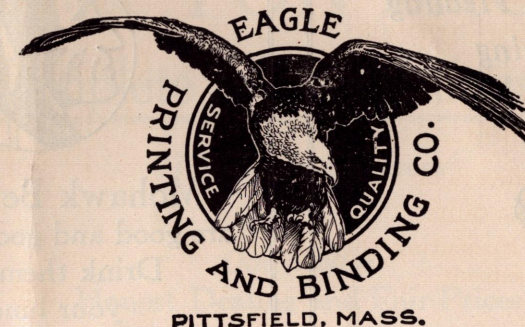
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**October
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